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1 January

, I believe, did me nothing but harm. Tn his company I liad lost the habit of thinking. I had more varied emotions, but had forgotten how to bring order into them. Above all, I could no longer follow the deductions of others. A few thoughts from time to time, but my clumsiness in handling them made me give them tip. T return now, with difficulty but also with great delight, to my history of philosophy, where I am studying the problem of language (which I shall take up with Miiller and Renan).

5 January

Shall I always torment myself thus and will my mind never, O Lord, come to rest in any certainty? Like an invalid turning over in his bed in search of sleep, I am restless from morning lill night, and at night my anxiety awakens me.

I am anxious to know what I shall be; I do not even know what I want to be, but I do know that I must choose. I should like to progress on safe and sure roads that lead only to the point where I have decided to go. But I don't know; I don't know what I ought to want. I am aware of a thousand possibilities in me, but I cannot resign myself to want to be only one of them. And every moment, at every word I write, at each gesture I make, I am terrified at the thought that this is one more ineradicable feature of my physiognomy becoming fixed: a hesitant, impersonal physiognomy, an amorphous physiognomy, since I have not been capable of choosing and tracing its contours confidently,

O Lord, permit me to want only one thing and to want it constantly.

A man's life is his image. At the hour of death we shall be reflected

in the past, and, leaning over the mirror of our acts, our souls will recognize *what we are.* Our whole life is spent in sketching an ineradicable portrait of ourselves. The terrible thing is that we don't know this; we do not think of beautifying ourselves. We think of it in speaking of ourselves; we flatter ourselves; but later our terrible portrait will not flatter us. We recount our lives and lie to ourselves, but our life will not lie; it will recount our soul, which will stand before God in its usual posture,

This can therefore be said, which strikes me as a kind of reverse sincerity (on the part of the artist):

Rather than recounting his life as he has lived it, he must live his life as he will recount it. In other words, the portrait of him formed by his